

Original Poetry.

THE IDOL OF GRIEF.

By the Author of "The Siege of Zaragosa," &c.

THOU should'st "have died hereafter"—not
amidst

The warm and rich luxuriance of youth,
When beauty's light shone round thee, and thy
soul

Drank inspiration at the fount of genius!—
Yes, rare one, yes!—thou should'st "have
died hereafter!"

Idol of doating hearts and gazing eyes—
I yet behold thee on thy morning path,
Bright as a spirit in its purity!
An echo steals upon mine ear—again
That bold and master hand is on the lyre,
Waking the full deep harmonies of song,
Such as, in olden time, when life was new,
Made my heart bound, as at a trumpet-call,
Or flooded my young eyes with tears of sadness!
—Daughter of Music! Poesy's own child!
Thou wast to me, my sister, as some star
Dwelling apart in its eternal sphere,
Far, far above my reach. The love I bore thee
Was strangely mingled with mysterious awe;
For thou, *thou* hadst no taint of earth about
thee,
While I, alas! was earthly weakness all!

Years, with their varied changes, have rolled by
Since thy sweet beam was quenched! The
summer sun
That, in his strength, shines on thy virgin
grave,
Hath looked, perchance, on forms as fair as
thine;
And an admiring world hath homage paid
To intellect as vast—fancy as rare—
And purity as stainless as thine own.
—Alas! Alas! When, to my sorrowing ear,
Comes the loud plaudit due to some high name
Of worth and genius—then I think of THEE,
And, weeping fruitless tears of bitterness,
In spirit cry—"She should have died here-
after!"

L. S. S.

THE VIGIL: A SONNET.

*By Agnes Strickland, Author of "The Seven
Ages of Woman," &c.*

In the sad tower of death, amidst her train
Of fading flowers, by the pale taper's ray,
The paler mother watched the hours away,
Seeking her own deep anguish to restrain,
And soothe, with patient love, the feverish pain

Of those, who on their restless pillows lay,
Sighing, in feeble moans, their wish, that day
Would dawn at last—or asking aid in vain
Of her, who felt like him in Pisa's tower,
The wretched Ugolino, when that grief
Was to his sufferings added, and his child,
In the death pangs of famine's torturing power,
Demanded in reproachful accents wild,
"Wherefore his father gave him not relief?"

LINES ON FADED GERANIUM LEAVES.

THUS 'tis with nature—all was made
To blossom its brief hour and fade;
For in these wither'd leaves we see
But emblems of mortality!
Emblems of many a mispent treasure,
Of many a faded hour of pleasure;
Of eyes, whence time or sorrow's stream
Have stolen away the kindling beam;
Of hopes, now faded into fears;
Of smiles, by anguish turn'd to tears;
Of lover's vows, soon melted into air,
And left the bosom wither'd by despair.
Yes, faded leaves! we find in thee
Just emblems of mortality.

THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

"For Leon and Castile Columbus found a new world."^{*}

*By H. C. Deakin, Author of "Portraits of
the Dead."*

COLD, ungrateful, crowned king!
With all thy sceptered power;
Was this the only offering,
The dead man's dower?

Oh! Time looks shuddering back on thee,
King of the crafty smiles,
Thus doling out thy royal fee,
'Midst pillar'd isles!

The dust of ages starts and spurns
Thine ashes on the cloud;
What is the pomp of kingly urns
To scorn so loud?

Weep, Leon, weep! weep, weep, Castile!
Thy white rose blushes red;
Whilst those which summer hues reveal,
Are blanched instead.

* This inscription was placed on his tomb by the ungrateful Ferdinand.—*Vide WASHINGTON IRVING'S Life of Columbus.*

Woe to the land of sunny Spain !
 Disgrace is on her bowers !
 The record of her shame in vain
 Stern Time devours.

Be the pest's breath upon the dead—
 Corruption, such as thine !
 Dishonour ! by which hate is fed,
 King ! on thy line !

Ingrate ! for thee new realms he found,
 Wasting his strength and bloom :
 What gained he ? mockery of a sound,
 A chiseled tomb !

He asked for bread—thou gav'st a stone !
 Fool ! in thine iron pride ;
 His tomb was the great globe alone :
 He gave thee *half*—and died !

SONG.

ALL fresh from the mountain
 The light breezes blew,
 And the tint of the fountain
 Was heaven's own blue ;
 And the eyes that hung o'er it
 Were brilliant as light,
 But the depth of their shadow
 Was darker than night.

The bright golden tress,
 That fell over her brow,
 Was like the sun's ray,
 On a mountain of snow ;
 And the smile on her mouth
 Could all nature outvie,
 As it play'd on her lip
 And then fled to her eye.

Should I speak of the cedar,
 Her image to paint—
 Or the plantain, though graceful,
 The resemblance were faint ;
 Or the Arab gazelle,
 That bounds o'er the plain,
 When compar'd with her lightness,
 'Twere equally vain.

Alas ! thus is language
 So futile and weak,
 Alone by my lyre
 My passion I speak :
 If my love should resemble
 The *Peris* above,
 Yet I only could tell her
 How truly I love.

E. M. P.

VERSES.

*By Charles Doyne Sillery, Author of "Vallery,
 or the Citadel of the Lake."*

THE moon floats o'er the mountain,
 And the sun is in the sea,
 And the stars dance on the fountain,
 And the flowers sleep o'er the lea :—
 'Tis ecstasy to ponder
 On the works of God around,
 When the fragrant zephyrs wander
 Along the dewy ground !
 Oh ! I have loved most dearly
 To meditate at night,
 With my heart and soul sincerely
 Fixed on that heaven of light !
 There is a God above me,
 A being good and just,
 Who will guide my soul, and love me,
 When this throbbing heart is dust.

THE SMILE OF KINDNESS.

THERE is a smile that softly wins, all other
 smiles above ;—
 'Tis not the smile round pleasure's lips—'tis not
 the smile of love ;
 Though bright the ray of beauty beams, it leads
 us but astray,
 And pleasure is a phantom shade more vain
 than beauty's ray.

There is a glance in fancy's eye, that witches as
 it rolls ;
 There is a dream in youthful hearts, immortal
 as our souls :
 But fancy's fire corroding glows, and cankers its
 own core ;
 And youthful visions make us weep, till misery's
 cup runs o'er.

But the sweet smile that kindness yields the
 lone and sorrowing heart,
 That bids the dawn of hope arise, the shades of
 care depart,
 Owns no such sad and fleet decay, such fatal
 fond despair,
 But bright and beauteous thrills the soul, and
 leaves its impress *there*.

Is there a purer joy in heav'n than melting
 kindness feels,
 That 'mid the bosom's friendlessness its wounded
 feeling heals ?
 As earth with fragrance and with flow'r requites
 the sun's warm shine,
 Such meed the grateful heart repays—such meed
 be ever *thine*.

Ormskirk.

J. B.

D 2

Original Poetry.

THE SUTTEE.

By Emma Roberts.

THEY have decked her in the rarest
Of the jewels of the mine,
And her chaplets are the fairest
That her maidens' hands could twine;
And heaven seems opening o'er her,
As with music and with song,
And white-robed priests before her,
The beauty moves along.

The parting sunbeam glances
Upon the Ganges' wave,
And Suleeni advances
To the threshold of her grave.
And now the smile of gladness
Has faded from her cheek,
And those pale looks of sadness
Her heart's deep terrors speak.

The victim, as she raises
Her eyelids from the ground,
In pensive sorrow gazes
Upon the scene around;
But Brama's sons have told her
That Paradise is won,
And angels shall enfold her
Ere sinks the setting sun.

And now a fearful warning
Is whispered in her ear—
She dares not brave the scorning
Of all that she holds dear.
Her heart's quick pulses stilling,
Again she tries to smile,
But still with horror thrilling,
Ascends the funeral pile.

And now the flame upspringing,
Mounts onward to the skies,
And brazen gongs are ringing
To drown the victim's cries.
The last red volume flashes—
And that once blooming bride,
A blackened heap of ashes,
Floats down the Ganges' tide.

Etawah, Hindostan, May, 1829.

THE LAST NIGHT OF BABYLON.

"It was a night of fate, stamp'd
With Almighty will!"

Mrs. HEMANS's "Last Constantine."

'Twas midnight o'er the earth—
'Twas midnight o'er the sea—
Gone were the joyous dreams of mirth,
And the voice of revelry!

The moonlight calmly slept
Upon the marble sheen,
And the stars, like holy spirits, kept
A watch above the scene.

All, all around was still,
Save where, beneath the vine,
The silver fountain's gushing rill
Flowed in the clear moonshine.

No wandering note was there,
Of harp or silver lute—
No winged spirit stirred the air,
But all was hush'd and mute.

No pealing note afar
Came on the fitful breeze,
Nor mighty tramp of men of war,
Nor sound of rushing seas.

It was as Peace had spread
Her wings above the sky!
And kept a watch o'er every head,
While sleep fell heavily.

But oh! that midnight hour
Was all too still and deep!
There came a trumpet-note of power,
That broke each dreamer's sleep.

For the Persian hosts were there—
They had entered privily—
And had laid Euphrates' channel bare,
To the dim and distant sky.

Then a flashing gleam was sent
From helm, and lance, and spear,
A war-cry from each battlement,
A sound of woe and fear.

There were sabres glancing high,
And banners waving clear,
Proud shouts of death and victory
Smote on the midnight ear.

The wine-cup was cast down
Amidst the festal hall—
Dimly and pale the lamp-light shone
Upon the marble wall.

Each pillared street was bare,
Each home was desolate,
While the hearth grew dim in the still night
air,
Where once the dwellers sate,

Warrior and prince were gone
To meet the stormy foe;
They had heard the clarion's ringing tone,
And the women's wail of woe!

Bondsmen and free were there,
 Commingled in that scene,
 Where the lances gleamed in the moonlight
 air,
 And the banners' waving sheen.

They went—but none e'er came
 Back to their homes again ;
 Peasant and warrior—their's a name,
 Commingled with the slain.

Oh ! 'twas a night of woe,
 Around that city's towers,
 When the stormy voice of the Persian foe
 Rang through her garden bowers.

It was an hour of dread,
 When, breaking every sleep,
 The war-cry burst above each head,
 As 'twere the mighty deep !

Yet—yet it was an hour,
 God's purpose to fulfil,
 A dreamy night of fearful power,
 " Stamp'd with Almighty will !"

HOPELESS GRIEF.

AUTUMN's leaf is fading fast,
 All around bespeaks decay ;
 And Winter, with his chilling blast,
 Is blowing Summer's charms away.

But Winter's blast is not so chill
 As hopeless love, without relief ;
 Nor can Autumn's blighting kill
 So soon—so sure—as hopeless grief !

ADIEU !

ADIEU !—adieu !—when quivering lips refuse
 The bitter pangs of parting to declare,
 And the full bosom feels that it must lose
 Friends that were wont its inmost thoughts to
 share ;
 When hands are tightly grasped, 'mid struggling
 sighs,
 And streaming tears, these whispered accents
 rise.

How memory loves to linger on that word,
 So simple—yet so beautiful. The heart
 Trembles with holier, purer feelings stirred,
 When friends we love pronounce it as they
 part ;
 Leaving to God the object of their care,
 In that short, pious, comprehensive prayer.

We own its power—to Heaven the swimming
 eye
 Is mutely raised to second the appeal ;
 Though the dear object is no longer nigh,
 In the deep throbbing of the heart we feel
 That God alone can still our anxious fears,
 Restore the lost, and dry the mourner's tears.

Those who have knelt beside a dying bed,
 Watched the glazed eye—the hoarse and deep-
 drawn breath—

Supported in their arms the damp cold head,
 And in each gasping sob expected death,
 Can only tell what painful feelings drew
 From pale and quivering lips the last adieu !

Those lips are closed for ever—yet we hear
 In the deep silence round—the last farewell.
 That word still vibrates on the listening ear,
 When he we loved doth with the dreamless
 dwell.

On life's last verge that solmen warning given,
 Peals in prophetic tones from earth to heaven !

S. S.

SONG.

I LOVE thee now thy raven hair
 Hangs in rich beauty o'er thy brow,
 And that the light of thy young eyes
 Tells thou hast known nor care nor woe :
 I'll love thee when thy children play
 In clustering beauty round thy knee ;
 And when thy joyous air hath sunk
 To softness and placidity.

And, then, when many a year hath flung
 Its whiteness o'er thy raven hair,
 When furrows o'er thy mild clear brow
 Speak but too well the voice of care,
 I'll love thee, and will still love on :
 Thine eye may dim, thy cheek decay,
 Earth with its mighty charms may fade,
 Still shall my love ne'er pass away.
 Holloway.

J. F.

TO THE BELOVED.

WAND'ERER—though in sadness,
 I'm toss'd through many a sea ;
 My heart, in grief and gladness,
 Mary, turns to thee !
 Friends may prove unkind, love—
 And fortune fickle be ;
 But while thou art true, love—
 Cares are light to me !

Grandeur's domes may hail me,
 And glory vaunt her charms ;
 Beauty may assail me,
 Woo me from thine arms ;
 Coldly in my path, love,
 Their brightest gems I see ;
 Sun-light is thy truth, love,
 Dearer far to me !

Ocean may divide us,
 Dark storms and cares infest ;
 But guardian love shall guide us,
 Shelter give and rest :
 Once more thy kindred heart, love,
 Responsive beat to mine ;
 Join'd, no more to part, love,
 Mary, ever thine !

F. C—Y.

ingly told; here you see the too anxious curiosity of the ill-starred Psyche portrayed in every feature, as she strains her eyes to take in the beauties of her sleeping lover—for the painter has chosen the more common moment when the burning oil is to fall; she holds above his head the fatal lamp, and seems shrinking back with fear of awakening him, while she eagerly advances nearer and nearer to the object of her imprudent anxiety and amazed admiration.

"All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence bright."

His beauty is the perfection of youthful health and softness. It is to be regretted that he looks more infantine than the fair creature who gazed on her destruction.

Picot's Cupid and Psyche, in the Orleans' Gallery, is conceived in the same

manner as the work of David, but is much more interesting, and the effect of light and shade which it exhibits is magical. It is said that Picot exhausted all his art in the performance of this masterpiece, for certainly none of his other paintings bear a comparison to it.

The Pygmalion of Prud Lon, together with a small picture opposite, representing the painter in the act of working at the subject in his study by candlelight, is very interesting and clever; the flesh of the figures, as in most of the French school, appears too pink; and there is a smoothness which is monotonous to the eye, and is not found in nature, however it may be in statues, the latter being evidently the studies, in preference to reality, of the artists of France.

L. S. C.

Original Poetry.

EASTERN MELODY.

By T. W. Kelly, Author of "Myrtle Leaves."

Flow onward, flow onward, thou clear crystal lake,

Lone, peaceful, and stainless, wherever thou flowest!

May nothing less pure than thy lilies e'er slake
Its thirst in thy waters wherever thou goest.

May tempest-fraught clouds ne'er thy brightness
o'ershade,

On thy banks may sweet wild flowers their
tendrils enwreath;

And, while rivalling Heaven's clear hues, still
display'd

On thy billows, retain long the fragrance they
breathe.

May thy stream boast of beautiful shells a bright
bed

To repose on, like these, which so sparkingly
curl,

In whose fair, silvery bosom a pure drop is shed,
Which soon in the sunbeams will turn a rich
pearl.*

* "They suppose them formed from dew-drops in connection with sunbeams."—*Asiat. Res.* Vol. V. p. 408.—Some say, when it rains, oysters rise to the surface, and as they gape, the drops of water they catch turn to pearls. See Solinus in his *Taprobanc*, c. 56; and Pliny,

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENTATION ON LEAVING FRANCE.

ADIEU! Adieu! the morrow's sun

Will rise to joy and thee;

But I, before his race be run,

Shall be upon the sea—

The dark blue sea where winds are shrill,

And where the tempests dwell,

Lashing the billows at their will—

Fair sunny France, farewell!

Each snow-crowned wave will bear me fleet

From all I love on earth;

What though the land that next I greet

Be that which gave me birth?

lib. ix. The Apologue of Sadi is well known, of the discontented and querulous drop of rain, that, in process of time, became the brightest gem in the crown of the King of Persia. See the Introduction to Stephen Weston's *Moral Aphorisms*, in Arabic. A translation of this fable may, I think, be found in No. 293, Vol. III., of the *Spectator*; and the elegant Mancini, Duc de Nivernois, has gracefully versified the original in *Livre Second* of his Fables, "*La Goutte D'Eau*," beginning—

"Du haut de la voute des airs
Une goutte d'eau détachée."

There have been many other elegant versions of this fable.

If scenes, which to my heart are dear,
Are fading from my view,
How can I say, without a tear,
Fair sunny France, adieu !

And when I'm on the boundless main,
Beneath inclement skies,
What marvel if a tear of pain
Shall tremble in my eyes ?
Henceforth no hope with me shall dwell,
No pleasure move me more ;
To joy, to hope alike, farewell,
When I have left thy shore !

Oh, then adieu ! the morrow's sun
Will smile, dear France, on thee ;
But I, before his race be run,
Shall be upon the sea,
Whose tides unconscious lave thy shore,
Where all my hopes now dwell ;
Adieu, loved clime, for ever more,
Fair sunny France, farewell !

E. M. P.

TO LESBIA.

By H. C. Deakin, Author of "*Portraits of the Dead.*"

COME not to me with gold arrayed,
With pearls upon thy brow ;
Thou'rt not adorned by jewell'd braid,
As much as thou art now.
What art thou now, in simple dress,
In artificial loveliness ?
A star-beam ever bright and clear,
Floating in its own atmosphere.

Thy yellow hair in many a fold,
Hangs like a vintage down ;
And what to this are gem and gold,
But vanity's renown ?
Give me the brow whose light shall be
Born of its own simplicity ;
The form attired in such excess,
That we mark it—not the dress !

THE EXILE.

By Charles Doyne Sillery, Author of "*Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake.*"

Dear Mary, those moments of rapture are o'er,
And thy sweet voice of music must charm me
no more ;
Those bright sunny hours when together we
roved,
And in ecstasy sang and in innocence loved !

Ah, Mary ! it was not thy features so fair ;
Nor thy dark rolling eye, nor thy bright flowing
hair ;
Nor was it thy beauty my soul's wish could fill ;
"Ah, no ! it was feeling more exquisite still !"

'Twas the heaven of affection that dwells in thy
heart ;

'Twas the bliss to discover the angel thou art ;
'Twas the rapture to call such an angel my own,
But, oh God ! 'twas a dream ; and the vision is
flown !

Ah ! why did we meet to be parted in sorrow ?
Ah ! why did we look for bright hours on the
morrow ?

Alas ! it is hard to be doomed thus to roam,
A martyr to love, and an exile from home !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THE flowerets I cherished
Have faded away,
Like the elfins that dance
'Neath the moon's gentle ray ;
The rose, and the lily,
The violet, the bell,
And the snow-drop, no longer
Add charms to the dell.

My harp too is broken,
Its chords are unstrung ;
No more to its music
Will soft strains be sung ;
Its tones yielded pleasure
In infancy's years,
And have oft-times dispelled
By their melody, tears.

My heart is near breaking,
And soon shall I rest
In the grave, where no woes
Can e'er trouble my breast.
Other flowerets may bloom,
Other harps yield a strain,
But *that* heart beats no more,
Which could soothe mine again.

January 4, 1830.

OMEGA.

THE BLIND.

HAVE not the blind an innate spark
Without the aid of sight,
Which, though the visual ray be dark,
Fills the rapt soul with light ?
A beam which cannot fade away,
Which knows no cloud or gloom ;
A clear and intellectual ray,
That lights, like Faith, the tomb ?

Though beam of sun, and moon, and star,
For them can never shine,
A purer, holier, radiance far,
Springs from a source divine ;
And what they in their blindness know,
Our dim eyes cannot see—
The glorious visions that may flow
Fresh from the Deity !

So Fancy to the dreamer's sight
Can gleams of sunshine bring,
And o'er the dark cold brow of night
Ideal glories fling ;
While Silence near his pillow keeps
Her sullen death-like reign,
And the closed eye unconscious sleeps,
The spirit scorns her chain.

Restless—immortal—unsubdued,
It owns a self-created day,
And leaves to night and solitude
Its tenement of clay.
The Mind that triumphs thus o'er sense
Can mortal shades destroy,
That mental light, through clouds more dense,
May shed eternal joy !

S. S.

THE PAST.

THE Past ! the Past ! how many thoughts
Lie treasured in *one* word,
And many feelings in my heart
That simple sound hath stirred !
For oh it tells of moments of
Such pure, unmingled bliss,
That in them I almost forget
Ages of bitterness !
And then it tells of many hours
So strangely passed away,
Since when in childish gaiety,
I spent each happy day !

The Past ! the Past ! how wild a dream
Is conjured at that name ;
Yon light'ning flashing in the south
Emits no fiercer flame.
In sad review comes rushing up
The memory of her,
At whose dear shrine my heart has been
A fervid worshipper.
But like that light'ning's touch is mine,
And whatsoe'er I clasp,
Is thenceforth doom'd to fade—to die,
Beneath my withering grasp !
H—y. EDWARD FRANCIS.

A RHYMER'S RENOUNCEMENT.

'Tis time to cease the silly strains
My youth in folly oft hath sung,
To curb with years' and wisdom's reins
(Now cooler blood runs through my veins)
The flippancy of boyhood's tongue.

Hence ! give them to the passing wind,
These feeble lays which fancy sings,
Let stabler thoughts possess my mind,
Such trifles I must leave behind,
And turn my thoughts to wiser things.

Now twenty years have o'er me past,
In one unstayed, neglected stream,
'Tis meet that I should *think* at last—
These follies to oblivion cast,
And wake at length from fancy's dream.
In melting strains the lover tries
To sing his wild pathetic vow ;
In cooler thought such folly dies.
I, then must cease these vows and sighs—
I'm neither youth nor lover now.

A. E. M.

NIGHT STANZAS.

THE breath, the pleasant breath of night,
Comes wafted o'er each stately tree ;
And with the moon's advancing light,
The night-bird's song sounds soothingly.
Then I will wander by yon stream,
And watch the darting fish below,
Like spirits of a passing dream,
Or drops from Dian's gorgeous bow.

There's not a breeze that faintly flings
Its softness o'er my troubled heart ;
There's not a night-bird's murmurings
But bids each care and tear depart ;
The star-girt moon, the joy-lit sky,
The soothing breeze, the perfumed flower,
The holiness that reigns on high,
Speak happiness in such an hour.

Holloway.

J. F.

THE RAIN.

Oh, the Rain—the summer Rain !
It comes sweeping to the plain,
Like a mountain torrent bounding—
Oh, it hath a voice of mirth,
As it rushes to the earth,
Through the dark leafy forest sounding.

'Tis sweet, when heaven is weeping,
And the eye grows dim for sleeping,
To list to its soft lulling motion ;
When the barred-up casement shakes,
And the melody it makes
Is the sigh of the summer ocean.

It comes stealing o'er your rest,
Like a downy pinion pressed
On the lids that are half unclosing ;
When the midnight spirit grieves,
And, pattering through the leaves,
Chides the spirit that mars its reposing.

Oh, the rain—the summer rain !
When the morn shall break again,
To the lark's matin song while we listen,
In the rose's crimson nest,
Or the lily's snowy breast,
Night's tear-drops alone will glisten.

S. S.

Two years after this event, the child of M'Carthy died of an epidemic disorder which devastated the neighbourhood of Mucruss. The grief of Mora became insanity; but she retained sufficient perception to be sensible that her child was interred in the Abbey—the last words of her husband haunted her imagination, and she resolved to remove his boy from the dreary mausoleum. It was again the Eve of St. Francis, when, alone, at midnight, guided by the light of a taper, Mora entered the mansion of death—but

the fœtid vapours, and the dreadful gloom, were two powerful for her shaken intellects and enfeebled frame.—At morn she was found extended on the coffin of her child: death, for which she had so long languished, had fallen like slumber on her wearied heart. With religious care her sorrowing friends removed her remains from the Abbey, and a willow, planted beside the lake, shews where repose the wife and child of M'Carthy.

MARY ANNE PROWSE.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS
OF BELFAST, PUBLISHED IN THE NO-
VEMBER LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

*By H. C. Deakin, Author of "Portraits of
the Dead."*

TELL me not the first mortal whom the sun
Brightened with beauty from his golden urn,
In sinning rued the deed that he had done,
Or from his love dand loving turned in scorn!
For such a one his folly who would blame?
For so much timid tenderness and grace,
Who with one feeling had not done the same,
And found another heaven in Eve's embrace?
The tree he tasted though with death full rife,
Was unto him a tree of love and life!

Oh! what is beauty but another Eve!
Another Eve! love-zoned mankind to win,
With all her grace and softness to deceive,
With all her charms to sanctify a sin.
O, Paradise! with all thine azure bowers,
And golden hills, and starry founts of light,
What was the beauty of thy vales and flowers,
When thou hadst lost what made thee more
than bright?

Thy living lustre left thee lone and weeping,
And thou wert never after worth the keeping.

Where'er we gaze fresh Eves of beauty brighten;
Earth *now* is Paradise in every sense;
Bosoms that bless us—eyes that ceaseless
lighten,
And lips, whose breath is young Love's
eloquence.

Where'er we gaze, each glance for aye discloses
Brows flashing with the radiance of noon;
Cheeks! where the twilight pillows all its roses,
And souls as glowing as the midnight moon.
Oh! I'd not lose their lips, or looks so bland,
For all the glories of the promised land!

Why sing I thus?—why am I thus inspired,
As if some sudden power subdued my soul;
And all my being by its presence fired,
And filled my heart like melodies that roll
From the blue heavens down to the sunny earth,
Zoning me with its glory and its pride;
Mysterious as some sweet torrent's birth,
That rushes to the world all deified,
And lit with love and lustre?—Oh! I raise
The voice of my tranced soul to beauty's praise!

I do behold! and the strong flush of thought,
As a sea whirlpool boils within my heart;
With a half worship and half madness fraught,
Scathed by a lightning that will not depart;
Yet hallowing the ruin it has made,
I do behold! and like the uproused deer,
My spirit leaps within me 'neath the shade
Of hopeless passion and convulsive fear;
And as the morn with sun-rays gilds her
gloom,
I strive to light my soul with all *this* painting's
bloom.

Look on th' horizon of that brow! it seems
The birth-place of some star whose lights
once shone,
But now hath gathered all its glorious beams,
In one dense lustre on that forehead's throne.
Look on those vintage locks, whose sable pride,
Like a dark fountain, or night-flowing river,
Sweeps the white bosom's shrine on either side,
As if 'twould cling and cluster there for ever!
Gaze on those eyes! whose rays were caught
from heaven,
And on those lips, and I shall be forgiven.

Forgive my madness of the moment! I—
An' if I sin before that form of love,
My guilt, my folly, sternly I'll defy—
I did not lure its brightness from above;

Nor did I give its glory to the earth,
 For hearts all fire to gaze on, and to turn
 Unto as to an altar ;—in the dearth
 Of my soul's thirst I love, and loving mourn
 The fickleness of Fate, who did prefer
 Aught save myself to be her worshipper.

Yet would I strip not of a single flower
 The heart that riots in such rare perfume ;
 In homage I but bend before love's bower,
 But covet not its beauty or its bloom.
 There may be other faces like to thine,
 Young noble beauty ! though I doubt my
 words ;
 There may be for my bosom such a shrine,
 Though my heart trembles as it sweeps the
 chords ;
 There may be—yet, my lip with doubts is rife—
 There may be !—no ! not here—but in my
 second life !

A SONG OF THE AFFECTIONS.

DEDICATED TO ———

I WILL not, in this crowded hall,
 List to the voice of love from thee ;
 But in some star-lit perfumed bower,
 When the soft moon shines holly :
 There, where the floweret's pleasant balm
 Comes wafted with the evening wind,
 Soft as an angel's whisperings,
 Stealing like thought across the mind.

There, love, I'll listen to thy tale,
 And there I'll hear thy pleasant lay ;
 There will we talk of happier times,
 Till even fades in morning's grey ;
 For, deem not that I e'er can breathe
 Mine incense at another shrine ;
 Or think that I can ever give
 That heart to others which is thine.
Holloway. J. F.

NEGLECTED GENIUS.

A SOUL aspiring to high things,
 And beautiful imaginings
 Of earth and air ;
 A mine of undiscovered thought,
 Visions, with holiest passion fraught,
 Undimm'd by care :

All these were HIS—the mightiest,—
 The poet and the painter, blest
 With heaven's own fire !
 A heart, misfortune could not shake ;
 A spirit, that the world might BREAK,
 But never tire.

And it *was* broken ! for he died,
 A victim to the worldly pride
 That scorn'd his lays.

When fame and hope alike were gone,
 He had no wish to linger on
 Through clouded days.

Mysterious Nature ! hast thou given
 The poet's mind a tint from heaven,
 To fade in gloom ?

Genius, too sensitive to scorn,
 By its own ardour, spirit worn,
 Sighs from the tomb.

Sleep, sleep in peace ! The world had not,
 With all its charms, a resting spot,
 A home for thee.

God hath reclaim'd the gifts he gave,
 And hallowed by an early grave
 Thy memory ! S. E.

FROM THE GREEK.

WHERE a pure stream in clear meanders stray'd,
 A sportive child in wanton pastime play'd ;
 Th' illusive crystal cheats him o'er the brink,
 And, ah ! he treads th' unheeded tide to sink.
 The wretched mother drags him from the wave,
 Expiring, yet a mother hopes to save ;
 Folding him eager in her frantic arms,
 His death-struck frame she in her bosom warms.
 As fondly pillow'd on that much-lov'd breast,
 With gentle slumber gradual oppress'd,
 His little eyes are clos'd in everlasting rest.
 S.

SONG.

THEY tell me that my cheek grows pale,
 That it has lost love's glow ;
 But can the rose bloom in the gale,
 Or blossom 'mid the snow ?

When winter's wind sweeps o'er the plain,
 And blights each flowery scene,
 The stem is all that may remain,
 To tell the rose has been !

Then, wherefore do ye hope to find
 It blushing on my cheek ?
 Are winter's storms to me more kind,
 Or chilling blasts less bleak ?

They tell me that the lustre bright
 Has fled my sunken eye ;
 But do the stars emit their light,
 When clouds bedim the sky ?

Yet tempests wild may pass away,
 And bright stars gaily beam ;
 But hope can never shed a ray
 To gild sad memory's stream.

Then bear me to that crystal wave,
 Whence sacred waters flow,
 That I, while in the stream I lave,
 May lose my dream of woe.

Original Poetry.

TRIBUTE TO AN ALBUM.

By Miss Anna Maria Porter.

THE nightmare came to my silent bed,
 In the stillest hour of night,
 When at rest was laid my weary head,
 And the inkhorn vanish'd quite.

Oh, think of the horrible shape it wore !
 It was not a demon grim ;
 Nor a dragon with scales and tales a score ;
 Nor a head without a limb ;

Nor a mocking fiend, with a madd'ning laugh ;
 Nor the whirling sails of a mill ;
 Nor a cup of blood, for the lip to quaff,
 In spite of the shudd'ring will ;

Nor a monstrous bird, with a fun'ral note ;
 Nor the black dog on my breast ;
 Nor the ghost of Burke, with its gripe on my throat,
 That came to disturb my rest ;—

But my sister pale, with a gray-goose quill,
 And an ALBUM—sight of sorrow !
 "Get up!" she cried, "and a long page fill,
 "For this book must go back to morrow!"

MARSHAL NEY.

By H. C. Deakin, Author of "Portraits of the Dead."

"Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney, now
 a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust ?
Court and Camp of Buonaparte *.

A HEAP of dust ! no, warrior, no !
 The brave, the dauntless, and the free
 May die ; the grave is not their foe,
 'Tis but man's outward cemetery.

Crush, crush the thought ; the worthless worm
 May be to common soil resumed,
 But thou—nought but thy spirit's form
 Shall by dark silence be entomb'd.

Thou wast a soldier ! in the burst
 Of battle foremost of the brave ;
 In glory's red career the first ;
 Like whirlwind o'er the foeman's grave ;
 Unquailing, when all others quail'd.
 With naked heart, and banner bright,
 And bosom fearless and unmail'd,
 Thou rush'dst, the av'lanche of the fight.

True to thy sovereign and thy sword,
 Shall Michael Ney to dust retire,
 Through one excess of feeling pour'd
 From the quick soul's undying fire ?

* On reading to him his death-warrant, with
 all his titles, he interrupted them, as above.

Oh ! be the record of that wrong
 Swept from the purple page of fame ;
 That page whereon was traced so strong
 The lustre of thy deathless name.

Time's share may plough his dusty deep,
 Rifle with fiendish strength thy past,
 But all true hearts will o'er thee weep,
 O'er what thou art, and what thou wast—
 A very battle-god in pride ;
 A death-light flaming through the gloom ;
 And now—unto the grave allied—
 A hero, with a traitor's tomb !

Traitor's ! Mercy, with hurried tread,
 Washes the red spot from thy glaive.
 Pollute not the transcendent dead,
 For He was merciful as brave !
 A foe unmatch'd, a friend unfeign'd,
 A life devoid of fraud or fear,
 By one fierce impulse only stain'd,
 Who'd weep not o'er such traitor's bier ?

Weep ! for thy tear's a soldier's claim ;
 Weep ! for one only broken trust ;
 Weep ! thy true tears redeem his fame,
 For Michael Ney shall not be dust.
 His spirit like an orb shall burn,
 Blended with Glory's radiant tide ;
 A thousand victories are his urn !
 His memory is with earth's allied !

SONG OF THE SEA NYMPHS.

COME hither—come hither—fair stranger, come,
 To this land of joy—to the sea-maid's home,
 Where the lute's soft note, and the waves in song,
 In music and murmur both float along.

Our bowers are deck'd with the sea-flower rare,
 And the amber is shedding its perfume there ;
 And the blue lotos bends to the summer's wave,
 When the bright sun sinks to his coral cave.

We roam o'er the tide in the moonlight hour,
 When love's soft spell has the sweetest power ;
 And our harp's soft note o'er the shining sea
 Is like an ærial melody !

When the angry storm lifts the billow's foam,
 No sound is heard in our pearly home,
 For our dwelling is far from the realms of air,
 And pleasure flows on with the light waves there !

Then, stranger, haste, 'neath the blue waves roam,
 Where gladness and joy have their smiling home ;
 Would'st thou be happy and blest as we,
 Come dwell with us 'neath the silver sea.

F. S. MULLER.

THE EVENING STAR.

I COME—I come when the last faint ray
Of the daylight shines o'er the ocean spray,
When the blushing west grows pale and dim,
And the woodlark is singing her vesper hymn,
And the far-off sound of some convent bell
Comes softly clear from a distant dell.

I come from far with the dim twilight,
With the low sweet sound of the coming night,
When the whispering breeze is scarcely heard,
And the streamlet's wave is gently stirr'd,
When all grows bright and as calm as now,
Then I shine afar o'er yon mountain's brow.

Oh then haste away,—oh then haste away,
The midnight is coming, I may not stay;
I can see the gleam of her starry train
Shining afar o'er the distant main,
And the moonlight is rising from yonder dell;
I must tarry no longer,—Farewell!—Farewell!

F. S. MULLER.

THE FORSAKEN.

THEY tell me that his heart is changed!
Does absence rend the ties
Of young affection, that can make
This earth a paradise?

'Tis true I ask'd no parting vow,
And he is free to rove;
But, oh! he must remember how
I trusted to his love!

For vows can never bind the soul
That struggles to be free;
Love languishes in slavish bonds,
His home is liberty!

The treasures of my heart are cast
Like wrecks upon the deep;
And these wild tears—they are the last
Mine eyes shall ever weep.

But if my pale and alter'd form
Should meet his eye in vain,
Reproaches—no, my heart may break,
It never shall complain! S. E.

NIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL night! I have worshipp'd thee
In the pride of thy regal majesty.
What is the lustre of earthly gems
Compared to thy starry diadems?
Dearer to me in thine hour of gloom,
Than the gaudy day in its freshest bloom.
Sleep, with its fanciful images fraught,
Owns thee the monarch of shadowy thought:
Thou bringest the wanderer home to his rest,
Repose to the weary—soft dreams to the blest.
Thou flingest thy spell o'er the desolate heart,
Bidding each sorrow of earth depart,
Till that heart goes back to its earlier hours,
Pass'd amid sunshine and festive bowers;

Ere rapture and beauty had vanish'd away,
Like a dream that departs with the dawning of day!

Come, shed o'er my senses thy magical bliss;
Call the lost ones back from the grave's abyss—
The future may smile in day's roseate light,
But memory revels in darkness and night.

York, 20th March, 1830.

S. E.

LINES

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A FLOWER GIRL.
DAUGHTER of beauty! wreath not flowers for
me!

They do but mock the thoughts that burn
within,
Bringing ideas of buried misery,
When I might love, and in that love not sin.
Would ye place "flowers, young flowers," upon
the tomb?

Speak pleasant language to the broken-hearted?
Tell to the hopeless he hath joys to come,
And say his happiness is not departed!
Is the pale sunken cheek, the speechless eye,
The brow of flame, the hollow-sounding voice,
Are these things meet for flowers? Nay, pass
them by;

They speak of times when I might dare rejoice:
For I knew one as beautiful as thou,
With the same softness in her hazel eye,
And the same speaking intellect of brow,
A mind that mourn'd for others' misery.

Oh! would to heaven that I had never known
Aught but that one whose first young love was
mine!

Then need I not, in joylessness alone,
Sigh forth my sorrows to the mountain-pine:
Cursed be this wayward heart that so could fling
Away the treasures of her heart's first years!
And leave it to a fruitless murmuring,
To agony (like mine) and bitter tears!

I love—nay, am beloved—yet may not take
The fruit that flings its ripeness to my clasp.
Oh! that it were a passing dream—to wake,
And find it fled from out my joyless grasp.
There is a fire consumes mine inmost soul,
That (like the fabled lamp within a tomb),
Serves but to show the darkness of the whole,
Its loneliness and solitary gloom.

Now, farewell joy! farewell, too, sunny song!
Hopes of my youth, I bid ye all adieu!
Visions of beauty! ye may cease to throng
The melancholy darkness of my view.
Then, wreath not flowers for me—they will not
suit

The withering sorrow of an aching brow;
They will but mock mine anguish, though 'tis
mute,

And bring to mind a deep-recorded vow!

Holloway.

J. F.

derstand twaddle, I should suppose that its signification was nearly the same; but, since it is difficult to decide upon the merits of these rival terms, my proposal is to omit them altogether.

I might possibly suggest some improvement respecting the words *ratting* and *purvoin*; but, unfortunately, I do not know, nor can I conjecture their meaning. I met with them lately in a well-known and very clever *periodical*, to which I propose to add the word *publication*.

My last proposal is the naturalization of as many French words and phrases as possible, with a plentiful sprinkling of Latin and Italian, and an occasional sample of Greek. That words of the old establishment might be found to express the same ideas and things cannot be considered as an objection; for the more copious a language is, the better. It may, perhaps, be suggested that my proposal is unnecessary, for this improvement is rapidly taking place.

Original Poetry.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

By H. C. Deakin, Esq. Author of "*Portraits of the Dead*," "*The Deliverance of Switzerland*, &c."

And dost thou think of other years?

Why dost thou think of them?

Why scatter thus thy starry tears

O'er memory's pale realm?

Are there no hopes, no joys for thee,

The present hours may bring?

Why wilt thou look so winterly

On such a sunny spring?

Gaze on this flower! Could it look back

On other hours gone by,

Think'st thou 'twould only be to track

The summer's farewell sigh?

Look on yon cloud, nor look in vain,

That hurries from the sun;

It quickly may return again,

Long ere the day is done!

Say, didst thou ever watch the night

With its one star—still fair;

Yet ere few hours had taken flight,

Ten thousand stars were there?

Then look, Ianthe! look not so

O'erwhelm'd with sorrow now;

The Past recalls thy present woe,

The Future lights thy brow!

"Oh! think I not of other hours

Unclouded with a thought,

When Time with its own-self devours

The ruin it has wrought?

And think I not of other springs,

Of other summers' bloom,

Despite of all that memory brings

To shade me with its gloom?

"Thou need'st not show to me yon cloud

That's hurrying away:

It is but what it seems, a shroud

To pall the dying day.—

That flower! what are its hues to me?

It is the spring's, not mine;

That which was my felicity,

My memory, my shrine.

"Where is it?—canst thou tell me where

Its wither'd beauties are?

Its blossoms that were all so fair?

Its eye—a living star?

Thou canst not, Felix! All I know,

Or wish to know at last,

Is that my present, future woe

Is fountain'd in the Past!

"And unto me the Past is—what?

Oh! all the Present too,

And all the Future is as nought,

Without its blessed hue.—

Bring back to me my star again,

My living flower to me;

I'll strangle memory in my brain

With my felicity!"

Ianthe! do not, do not boast

The Future is to thee

But like some sunless, desert coast

That has been—still to be.

Thou sufferest—others suffer too,

The beautiful, the best;

They hope, repine not, so may you

Hope too and be at rest!

"Ay! lean upon the twilight hope

That parteth night and day;

Ay! lean upon the twilight hope

That vanisheth away.

My dove! my dove! my gentle dove!

My beautiful! my blest!

Had I thy wings to soar above,

I soon would be at rest!

"They talk of joy who know not woe,

Of sunshine, all that's fair;

They talk of joy who do not know

The anguish of despair!

Ah! what's the Summer unto me?
 The Winter, or the Spring?
 Or Autumn's stern solemnity?
 Or any other thing?
 My dove! my dove! my gentle dove!
 My beautiful! my blest
 Had I thy wings to soar above,
 I soon would be at rest!"

Abbey Cottage.

TO SOME OLD AND VALUED FRIENDS.

And shall passion alone wake the notes of my
 lyre,
 Nor friendship e'er murmur one sound on its
 string?
 Shall the feelings life's summer is taught to in-
 spire
 Obliterate those which first bloom'd in its
 spring?
 Oh! never of me or my muse be it said
 That we're hurried away in wild folly's career;
 That my harp or my heart can to *friendship* be
 dead,
 While Fortune decrees that I meet with it here!

Oh yes! while my heart can appreciate truth,
 And the kindness which never deserted me yet;
 I feel that the best beloved friends of my youth
 Neither pleasure nor absence can make me
 forget.

As the shadows of morning grow less till they
 fade,
 So the feelings of love in life's autumn decay;
 But friendship resembles the evening shade,
 Which lengthens and lasts till the end of the
 day.

I AM NOT BELOVED.

THERE'S not a being on the earth
 Who ever thinks of me;
 No heart with apprehension throbs
 For what my fate may be.
 I—I am not beloved
 By gentle village-maid;
 E'en Nature harshly seems
 An outcast to upbraid.

The opening flow'rets deck the mead,
 Bright spring's return to greet;
 And lovers in the moonlight shade
 Their tender vows repeat:
 No maiden plights her troth
 To me, with glistening eye;
 For I am not beloved
 By any 'neath the sky.

My sorrowing bosom vainly seeks
 A kindred love to find;—

Far easier 'twere to calm the sea,
 To chain the viewless wind:
 Yet have I o'er the globe,
 By Hope exhausted, roved;—
 Oh! my lone heart will break,
 Since I am not beloved!

OMEGA.

ON A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FOUND BE- NEATH A CROSS.

Written for the Album of a Friend at York.

Whose were these flowers that, on the chilly stone,
 Moistened with dew or tear drops, withering lie?
 Fell they at eve from weeping pilgrim lone,
 Or laughing childhood passing heedless by?

I know not—but their dying odours wake
 A train of pensive musings in my breast;
 Love oft beneath the flow'ret's guise will make
 Himself of some young heart th' unbidden guest.

And I, e'en now, the Virgin's feet have wreathed
 With lilies white; and she alone may know
 The name that with my spirit's prayer was
 breathed—
 For whom the tears of secret anguish flow.

A. L. H.

SERENADE.

By T. W. Kelly, Author of "Myrtle Leaves."

Oh! come, my love! oh, come to me!
 And share the sweet tranquillity
 That evening's sober hues inspire
 In hearts that feel ecstatic fire.
 Oh! what is there in halls of pride
 Worth one delicious moment here;
 Where Nature slumbers sanctified,
 And Passion pauses to revere?

Come, then, my dearest, come to me,
 And hear the vows I'll breathe to thee,
 Until yon lamp of night shall fade,
 And nature wear a deeper shade.
 No envious scowl, no cynic eye,
 Shall on our secret haunt intrude;
 But Philomel shall linger nigh,
 To learn of us the loving mood.

STANZAS.

By Susanna Strickland.

Oh! restless as the ceaseless troubled flow
 Of rushing waters o'er their rocky bed,
 Runs, in dark strength, the stream of human woe,
 Till dried by death the fount that being fed.

Quick as the lightning's glance from black'ning
 skies,
 Where the wild storm its gath'ring fury shrouds,
 The meteor flash of mortal pleasure flies,
 Leaving to deeper gloom involving clouds.

Oh! that the desert path of years was trod
Through life's dark vale—and I at length could
sleep
Beneath that silent mound of dewy sod
Where none awake again to joy or weep!
Where the tired spirit finds a lasting peace,
And sleeps in chill oblivion with the dead!
Where the wild thoughts which scourged the
bosom cease,
And friends who scorn'd the trusting heart
have fled!
When time has dried the heavy mourner's tears,
How sweet to sleep amidst the wreck of years!

THE PARTING.

WE parted—'twas the twilight hour,—
We parted—ne'er to meet again!
We said farewell so oft, methought
That farewell would be said in vain.
On, on I gazed; my heart was full,
And thought on thought came rushing by,
Too much for utterance—for my soul
Burn'd with despairing misery.
Oh! it is easy when the world
Her magic pleasures round us throws—
'Tis easy then to laugh in joy,
To scorn adversity's sad woes:
But when those woes have round us crept—
When we are left alone to dwell—
Then come the bursting heart and eye,
Then are the thoughts we cannot tell.
The cold proud hand—the marble brow—
The hurried voice—the averted eye,—
These, these are things to wring the soul
And yield the mind to misery!
I had braved these; and now I stood,
And bade a long farewell to her:—
It left my heart a careless thing,
A lone and gloomy sepulchre.
Holloway.

J. F.

THE DEATH BELL.

THE death bell! oh, the death bell! how awfully
its tone
Declares the wreck of human hopes, and a spirit
newly flown;
Telling of many an aching heart and many a
broken tie,
And breathing to the list'ner's ear, "Thou, too,
art doom'd to die!"
The death bell! oh, the death bell! how mourn-
fully its sound
Proclaims aloud a tale of woe to the careless
world around;
The noiseless step and darken'd room—the softly
heaving breath—
The anxious pray'rs—the secret hope—the solemn
hush of death!

The death bell! oh, the death bell! how heavily
its chime,
E'en like a warning spirit's voice, denotes the
flight of time,—
Bidding the joyous and the sad reflect alike how
brief
The day of earthly pleasure, the night of earthly
grief.
The death bell! oh, the death bell! its accents
reach my heart,
And all life's fairy visions like mountain-mists
depart;
And yet I love the monitor—each heavy tone to
me
Breathes solemnly of Life and Death, Time and
Eternity.

L. M. W.

TO * * * * *

Oh! deem not beauty doth inspire
But transports of unhallow'd fire,
Or love of holiest kind despise.
The radiant shrine of woman's eyes.

Is not my heart to heaven allied,
When kneeling by thy gentle side?
And will not Heaven accept my prayer
If thy dear name be mingled there?

Smile, then, sweet saint, since every smile
Guards me from sin's all-tempting wile;
Since thus, by many a gentle art,
I keep my soul—but lose my heart.

P. A. S. C.

MELODY.

By H. C. Deakin, Esq. Author of "Portraits
of the Dead," "The Deliverance of Switzer-
land," &c.

UP in the air, in the depths of the sea,
Over the mountains, and down in the dale,
Floats the rich spirit of melody,
Joy on the waters, and bliss in the gale!
Up and away! there is music in heaven,
The lark's jocund carol is wooing the sky,
The rosy-eyed morning is lord of the even—
Lo! its proud banner is flaming on high.

A voice from the mountain, a voice from the
woods,

A voice from the valley, an echo in air,
With the musical murmurs from silver-tongued
floods,

Proclaim that the Spirit of Melody's there.—
Whence is the melody, whence is the tone,
Warbling like waves from the fountain of love?
Hark! there's a voice that replies to my own,
"I come from the mansions of glory above."

"It is well," said the governor, as she meekly folded her hands on her breast. "I fear perpetual imprisonment in the place of your husband will be the least penalty."

He withdrew, and the inestimable consort of Grotius was left alone with her faithful Alitz to mingle, not tears or lamentations, but prayers and blessings to Heaven for the beloved fugitive, whom, after many narrow escapes from discovery, Alitz had seen safe, and placed in the care of friends and kinsmen.

Many, many setting suns did the true and worthy wife of the good Grotius behold sinking into the still waters of the Meuse, from her prison-window; but memory soothed her by recalling her generous sacrifice, and hope in Heaven sweetened her days. The same blessed book which had cheered her husband's retirement

breathed peace to her soul.—"The Lord looseth men out of prison, the Lord careth for the righteous!" thought she, as her eyes rested on the place where formerly had stood the dark chest which had been the instrument of her husband's escape. That gracious Being whom she invoked heard her prayer, for shortly after, the government, moved by her magnanimity, released her: whilst every good heart, in secret, applauded and blest her generous devotion.

The life of her exemplary husband and her own, ever after, illustrated the appropriate motto on the medal, which the states of Holland caused to be struck in honour of Grotius, after his decease: the device was, the sun rising from behind a cloud; and the words engraven below—"BRIGHTER AFTER ADVERSITY."

FLOYER.

Original Poetry.

NIGHT ON THE GANGES.—A SKETCH.

By Miss Emma Roberts.

How calm, how lovely, is the soft repose
Of nature, sleeping in the summer night;
How sweet, how lulling the current flows
Beneath the stream of melted chrysolite,
Where the broad Ganges spreads, reflecting o'er
Its silvery surface, with those countless stars
The ingot gems of heaven's cerulean floor,
Mosques, groves, and cliffs, and pinnaced
minars.

The air is fresh, and yet the evening breeze
Has died away—so hush'd, 'tis scarcely heard
To breathe amid the clust'ring lemon trees,
Whose snowy blossoms by its faint sighs stir'd
Give out their perfume—and the bulbul's notes
Awake the echoes of the balmy clime,
While from yon marble-domed pagoda floats
The music of its bells, soft silvery chime.

Mildly, yet with resplendent beauty shines
The scene around, although the stars alone
From the bright treasures of their gleaming
mines

A tender radiance o'er the earth has thrown.
Oh! far more lovely are those gentle rays
With their calm lustre, than the fiery beam
The sun pours down in his meridian blaze,
Lighting with diamond pomp the dazzling
stream.

No tint is lost amid those mantling leaves:
There smiles the glossy pepul—the bamboo
Its bright and vivid colouring receives,
And the broad plantain keeps its tender hue.
Beneath the towering mosque and graceful
mhut,
The humble dwelling of the forest glade,
Peeps forth the lowly native's straw-thatch'd
hut,
Revealed beside the green hill's deepest shade.

With snowy vases crowned, the lily springs
In queen-like beauty by the river's brink,
And o'er the wave the bright-leaved lotus flings
Its roscate flowers in many a knotted link.
Oh! when the sultry sun has sunk to rest,
When evening's soft and tender shadows rise,
How sweet the scene upon the river's breast,
Lit by the star-lights of these tropic skies.

*Upper Provinces, Hindostan,
June 30, 1829.*

SONG.

WHY place ye pearls upon my brow,
Why wreath red roses in my hair?
Are bright pearls meant to hide my woe,
Are roses used to shrine despair?
Despair is madd'ning in my brain,
And woe is on my pallid cheek:
Yet I must mourn—ay, mourn in vain;
I dare not my affection speak.

May I not speak?—must I not tell
 The thoughts that burn within my breast?
 Am I for ever thus to dwell,
 Without one moment's taste of rest?
 You speak about the grave dull rules
 Of formal cold propriety;
 Where innocence each feeling schools,
 And sighs not—if she may not sigh.

You speak of these, but do not deem
 My heart is cold and passionless;
 I am not (what perchance I seem)
 Without one thought my friends to bless:
 My blood runs hot, the lava's fire
 Is not more fierce when on its path;
 The Indian widow at her pyre
 Hides not more fear, more dread, more
 wrath!

CAROLINE EYRE.

HER NAME!

*By H. C. Deakin, Esq., Author of "Portraits
 of the Dead," "The Deliverance of Switzer-
 land," &c.*

THE voice of murmuring waters that tranquillize
 the vale,
 The gush of glowing fountains that harmonize
 the gale,
 The vesper song at twilight, the orisons of morn,
 From happy birds at sunrise in jocund warblings
 born;
 The melody of spirits whose white wings skim
 the sky,
 The full-toned burning tear in loveliness's eye,
 A people's prayer at midnight that charms the
 solemn gloom,
 The gentle breeze at sunset that lulls the lordly
 flame,
 All sound or sense that springeth from beauty or
 from bloom,
 Are nothing to her name!

Her name! 'tis written on the burning sky,
 On every sunny beam,
 'Tis written on each pallid cloud,
 That rolls upon his stream.

'Tis written by the moon at night,
 By her most lonely spells,
 By every star that looks upon
 The silent dreamy dells.

'Tis written upon every flower
 Baptised by the dew,
 On every leaf upon the bough
 The evening zephyrs woo.

'Tis graved on every limpid lake,
 O'er which the wild birds dart,
 'Tis written on my burning brow,
 And on my throbbing heart.

'Tis sung by every bird that sings
 Its vesper hymns of glee;
 'Tis murmured by all sounds that come,
 From mountain or from tree.

'Tis of the deep, and of the sky,
 And of the rolling earth,
 It rises on the wings of morn,
 And evening gives it birth.

Sight, substance, sound, and melody,
 Its lineage proclaim;
 Eternal spirit of my soul,
 Is NATURE not thy name?

YOU ASK ME WHY I PALE MY CHEEK.

You ask me why I pale my cheek,
 You ask me why I dim mine eye;
 Why haunts of dissipation seek,
 Whilst nobler pleasures heedless lie:
 You cannot know the joys that press
 Around the pleasant festive board;
 You know not woman's fond caress,
 The happiness her smiles afford.

And yet I would not touch the cup,
 I would not heed soft woman's eye,
 Had I but power to stifle up
 My heart's deep viewless agony:
 E'en as I write, past thoughts come on,
 And mingle with my burning brain;
 Oh! happiness will ne'er be won,
 Joy, I shall never taste again!

You little think that when my laugh
 Sounds loudest in its revelry—
 That when the festive cup I quaff
 The deepest, as it circles by—
 That when my song is high and loud,
 When mirth is mantling on my brow,
 When thoughts of joy appear to crowd—
 Then on my heart is graven Woe.

Holloway.

J. F.

SONG.

By T. W. Kelly, Author of "Myrtle Leaves."

THOUGH countless leagues divide us,
 And ocean's ills accrue,
 Though distance long has tried us,
 Yet still our hearts are true;
 Shall time then change or chide us,
 That falsehood we pursue?
 No, the vows that first allied us,
 In absence we'll renew.

But years may still roll o'er, love,
 Before we meet again;
 And fashion's giddy store, love,
 Will yield thee many a swain;

While thousands to adore, love,
Will follow in thy train,
And will the vows they pour, love,
Be always breathed in vain?

Yet, yet, I will not doubt thee,
Thy heart could not deceive,
And mine would break without thee—
I live but to believe,
That those who sigh about thee
Will ne'er thy faith bereave—
Though wealth and grandeur flout thee,
Thou wilt not bid me grieve.

VERSES.

By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq., Author of
"Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lake," &c.

WHEN first in fervent prayer I knelt
To God—my God above,
When first my youthful bosom felt
The passionate thrill of love;
Oh! I was blessed beyond all thought,
In wandering here with thee,
My young first love! When every spot
Was Paradise to me.

I'll never rove as I have roved,
So young and happy then;
I'll never love as I have loved,
In innocence again.
But let me mourn—'tis well—'tis well!
Sorrow is sweet like this—
Thou'rt gone where heavenly spirits dwell
In everlasting bliss.

My young first love! my life! my love!
Death chilled thy pure warm veins;
But, blessings on kind Heaven above!
Thy memory still remains.
Deep in my pensive soul 'tis set,
Like crystal 'mid the sea;
And there shall dwell till we have met
For all eternity!

My young first love! my life! my love!
'Tis many a year since thou
Didst plant yon myrtle in the grove,
And gaze upon this brow.
And I shall never hear thee more
Sing 'neath that blooming bough:
My heart that was so gay before
Is sadly alter'd now!

No, no! I'll never see thee more;
But mourn beside thy tomb,
Where willows dewy tear-drops pour,
And waving wild-flowers bloom.

Ah me! I heard the cold earth thrown
Upon thy gentle breast,
And wept beside the dreary stone
That marks thy place of rest.

My selfish sorrow; oh away!
I'd call thee from the sky,
That on thy bosom I might lay
Me down in peace and die.
But no, oh no! it must not be!
Still let me wander on
To mourn the days long spent with thee,
Tired—friendless—and alone!

THE WIDOW'S BRIDGE.

"Go, speed thee forth, my gallant boy,
With thy mother's blessing o'er thee,
And the shield of thy sire, who so nobly trod
In glory's path, before thee!
Speed to the tourney's mimic strife,
Where, knight with knight careering,
Learns to rise o'er the tide of war,
When through the battle veering.

"Though every hope of future joy
In early life was blighted,
Bound to him dead, as living, I've kept
My truth to thy father plighted.
Yes, since of thee, my sainted love,
The infidel bereft me,
I have known no care, no joy, but to watch
O'er this pledge of affection left me!

"Then speed thee forth, my boy, and learn
When thy country's flag waves o'er thee,
To avenge thy sire, and free from the Moor
The gallant land that bore thee."
His way to the walls of Alicant,
Theresa's son is wending;
The squire who bore his shield and lance,
Alone his steps attending.

With hope and with visions of glory elate,
His youthful heart was beating;
The smiles of the fair and the shouts of the brave
His fancied triumphs greeting.
O'er hill, and valley, and plain, he rode,
His courser proudly speeding;
And fearless he plunged in the mountain stream,
The onward way impeding.

Fearless he plunged, but what availed
His feeble arm engaging
A torrent, with recent tempests swollen,
And the ocean's fury raging?
One moment saw the noble boy
His life to fame devoting,
The next he lay a mangled corse
On the rapid waters floating.

Theresa sat in her lonely hall,
 To watch her son returning ;
 Her breast with all a mother's hope,
 But a mother's terror, burning.
 One glance she gave, and every thought
 Of peace and joy was banished ;
 She heard the tale, and every hope
 Save that in Heaven, vanished !

An arch, spread o'er the fatal stream,
 Attests her pious care,
 That no defenceless widow's son.
 Again should perish there.
 And the traveller passing in safety o'er,
 When the mournful tale he hears,
 Breathes a prayer for her who reared the bridge,
 And with it mingles tears.

ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

It was the sultry noontide hour,
 When Bacchus revell'd in his bower.
 Rare was the wine, by Tuscan hands
 Express'd with care in Tuscan lands !
 Wild was the dance, for cymbals beat
 The clamorous time to cloven feet !
 And many an Iö loudly pealing,
 And mirth-shout shook the leafy cieling ;
 And flushed bacchantes, headlong reeling,
 Crush'd the White Roses with quick tread,
 Till all the air was essenced.

"Bring me," quoth he,—the crown'd with
 vine,

The ruddy god of radiant wine,—
 "Bring me yon pallid flowers and lave
 Them in this generous wave !—
 Wan and virgin looks be theirs
 Who unto Dian pay their prayers ;
 But flowers, that woo the fiery sun,
 Should take the tint by which he's won ;
 And these, ere half my rite is done,
 Shall wear the blush this nectar wears,
 And be as beautiful to see
 As Ariadne, when that she
 Is fairest and most pleases me !
 Bright Apollo, when his tent
 Opens on the Orient,
 Or when his glorious head he lays
 Where Thetis wets his dusty bays,
 Cannot boast so fair a flush
 As these honour'd flowers shall blush."

He ceased, (while all the sylvan rout
 Hung attentive round about,)
 And plunged them, laughing, in a flood
 Of the red grape's luxurious blood ;
 And o'er their snowy paleness spread
 A tint like that which stained the breast
 Of her who Collatinus wed,
 When to her heart the weapon prest,
 To vindicate the holy pride
 For which she lived—for which she died.

The Red Rose since that festive hour,
 Is queen of every summer-flower.

C. WEBER.

LINES ON PASSING THE LAKE THRASIMENE.

PALE, silent, and unruffled lake,
 Tell me a tale of other times ;
 I've hied to thee from distant climes,
 And now in wild and foreign rhymes
 Would fain thy echoes wake !

The genius of the lake is fled,
 Its echoes have forgot to sigh ;
 The breezes steal in silence by.
 Heard I the raven's warning cry
 O'er precincts of the dead ?

What doth thy mirror-wave reflect ?
 The mountain's height, the forest's green ?
 The dappled cloud which oft is seen
 Quick passing o'er the blue serene ?
 Thy banks, in beauty deckt ?

Yes, now—but once, ah, once, the brave,
 Dimmed with their gore thy mirror bright !
 'Twas when the Roman eagle bright,
 Crest-fallen stooped in Afric's fight ;
 Speak on, historic wave !

Recount, how Romans rushed to fight,
 And how the quick surrounding foe
 Hath laid each gallant hero low,
 Who felt, who dealt, the deadly blow—
 Who sunk in endless night !

Dismayed the very sun grew pale ;
 Thick mists and vapours dense and grey
 Arose to shroud, to veil away,
 The deeds of that disastrous day—
 That day of death and wail.

ed; and, conspicuous as they were in their bravery, they eyed each other with a stern hate. They were, however, unable to close, and the contest could not last much longer, for the Cameronians had lost the greater number of their men; and though the loss corresponded in proportion on the other side, superior numbers enabled the troops to bear it without apparent suffering.

The disputed ground was at length yielded, and only one of the Cameronians escaped: a few were prisoners, the remainder had found an honourable death. Amongst the latter was Hugh Macmurdock: he fell with his adversary by his side. The one who escaped was Richard Dalton. He, with great difficulty, reached the cottage of Hugh Macmurdock, and the blood which flowed left a track but too easy to pursue. On his entrance he found the poor old widow in a state of almost unconscious stupefaction awaiting her husband's return.

"He is dead!" he shouted, in wild despair; and the words recalled her for a moment to a sense of life and agony; but it was only to sink again into the reality of death. "He is dead! the blood-hounds are on us, and there is no chance of your escaping, Mary! but, stand by me, and we will not part. No! no! no! we will not part. I must be prostrate ere they

shall touch one hair of thy precious head. Hark! they come!"

"This way! this way!" shouted a voice, and the door burst open. "Ha! we have tracked the young serpent to his hole; and, by my faith, these puritans know how to live—they nest well—what say you, my pretty, fair-haired darling, will you come and be a soldier's wife? Nay, never frown, those sparklers must not flash with anger!"

"Villain, hold thy profane speech, or by that God thou mockest thou shalt die the death!"

"Ha! ha! 'tis a young bird to crow so loudly withal: and where, my man, wilt thou find strength," he continued, as Dalton leant on his sword for support, "to prevent my taking a kiss even now from this pretty damsel?" and he advanced to execute his threat.

"Here!" shouted Dalton, as he sprang forward and buried his sword in the rufian's side.

"Sayest thou so? then look at that fair one—where is she now?" he fired with fatal precision; "and, 'tis my last blow, take that"—he plunged his sword into Dalton's body as he lay prostrated by his last effort—"take that!" and he completed the catastrophe by falling at the side of his victim.

Holloway.

J. F.

Original Poetry.

THE BANNERS OF THE FREE.

By H. C. Deakin, Author of "Portraits of the Dead," "The Fall of Switzerland," &c.

THERE are murmurs from the shore
Born of ocean's toiling waves,
There's a deep and sullen roar
From the mountain and its caves:
Louder than from rock or sea
Rolls the voice of Liberty!

Hark! the stirring, lofty call!
Heroes! from the dust arise,
Rend the sullen, shattered pall,
From the grave of victories!
Over them with eagle glee,
Float the banners of the free!

Borne upon the thunder gales,
Patriot spirits, lo! behold!
They are full of lofty tales,
Tales to make a coward bold:
Tales of blood and victory
On the banners of the free!

Let the slave sleep out his day,
Hug the fetter, kiss the chain,
Soon will roar the mighty fray,
Vengeance to wash out their stain.
Then on high shall proudly wave
Banners of the free and brave!

War shall blow her trumpet-breath,
Swords shall flash, and lances flame,
Poised will be the spear of death,
In that struggle's awful game!
Battle's but a briefer road
For a slave to seek his God.

Are those banners now unfurled ?
 Float they on the thunder air ?
 Offspring of a crouching world,
 Lo ! they're blazing proudly there.
 By those banners of the brave,
 Tyranny shall find a grave !

Lo ! the golden orb'd shield
 Freedom flames before the van ;
 Sons of slavery ! to the field,
 Foot to foot, and man to man !
 As to day the evening clouds,
 Let those banners be your shrouds.

Shrouds of crimson, steeped in blood,
 Blood of foemen in the fight ;
 Let him live a slave who would,
 Fetters are a coward's right.
 Let him veil his eyes to see
 Banners of the brave and free !

Front to front, and hand to hand,
 Shield to shield, and glaive to glaive ;
 Dauntless breast, and light'ning brand,
 Here is life and there the grave.
 Let thine own hand close the strife,
 Death is but a leap to life !

What is blood that's not thine own,
 Fevered by a tyrant's toils ?
 What are lips that have no tone
 But for fettered beauty's smiles ?
 What's affection that is nursed
 For an offspring chained and cursed ?

There is thunder on the heaven—
 Hark ! it rolls from shore to shore !
 Thunders by a nation given,
 Despotism's reign is o'er.
 Chains are riven, fetters flee
 From the man who would be free.

Sons of Lusitania ! read,
 Read the record proud and high ;
 Learn like freemen once to bleed,
 Or like freemen learn to die.
 Learn to die with patriot glee,
 'Neath the banners of the free !

LINES TO A LADY SLEEPING.

SLEEP on—sleep on—thy dreams
 Perchance may be all beautiful and bright,
 Lit up by young Love's fairy beams,
 Without one shade of night !

I would not mar thy rest,
 Nor chase sweet slumber from thy dewy eyes,
 Low sleeping now, as beautiful and blest,
 As seraph from the skies !

Again I see thee smile,
 And gentle whisperings now salute mine ear ;
 A blush o'erspreads thy youthful cheek awhile,
 Telling of hope and fear.

Oh ! may'st thou ever be
 Through life as happy as thou seemest now,
 Smooth gliding o'er life's troubled sea,
 With nought to cloud thy brow.

F. S. MULLER.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

Oh ! 'tis an hour to musing sweet,
 When sun and sea in glory meet,
 When winds and waves are hushed to rest,
 And twilight hovers o'er the west,
 When all is still, without a sound
 To break the hush that reigns around,
 But the lone woodlark's vesper lay,
 Like a plaintive hymn at close of day.

Oh ! 'tis an hour when Memory's chain
 Brings to the heart those days again,
 When young life's path was strewn with flowers,
 And youth with all its joys was ours ;
 But they are faded like that beam
 That now has sunk beneath the stream :
 And thus shall we all pass away,
 As doth that light at close of day !

F. S. MULLER.

IMPROMPTU :

(ON READING A CRITICISM, WHICH RE-
 PROVED THE AUTHOR FOR WRITING
 ONLY SONGS AND BALLADS.)

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

THEY tell me I degrade my lyre
 With idle themes of song,
 Unworthy of a poet's fire,
 To please the list'ning throng !
 That other hands should wake the lay
 Of knight and lady fair ;
 That graver themes I should essay,
 Not " trifles light as air."

The hour is past, when FAME had charms,
 To lure my vanity ;
 Cradled in LOVE's domestic arms,
 Oh ! what is name to me ?
 My infants frolic round my knees,
 In childhood's sportive mirth ;
 And there smiles one I vow'd to please
 Beside our social hearth !

Mid joys like these—ah ! what is Fame ?
 At best an empty sound !
 Or what the poet's boasted name,
 With fabled laurels crown'd ?
 Chide not my harp's unsoaring string,
 Though light the lays it breathe ;
 Not for the POET'S CROWN I sing,
 But for the MINSTREL'S WREATH !

Woburn Place, Russell Square,
 June, 1830.

and cheese, tea, and sometimes a glass of ale. 'The parson frequently calls and talks to us; the schoolmaster likes to hear my tales of battle and strife, of marchings and counter-marchings; and the farmer lets me have wheat at market price, which he carries in his own cart to the mill to be ground, and returns it to me free of expense. I have a nice bit of garden ground, in which I manage to do a little, notwithstanding my lameness, and I am as happy as the King. Nay, perhaps, happier: for they do say his Majesty, God bless him! leads only a queer sort of a life with them there parliament chaps and ministers up

at London. However, he keeps me, and if he an't happy, why I wish he wur, that's all."

At this moment our colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Horner, the farmer. He would have served for a picture of John Bull, for he was a fine portly figure, with a countenance in which good humour shone conspicuous. He gave me a hearty invitation to his house, and I accepted it as frankly as it was given. He confirmed the good opinion I had formed of honest Johnson and his wife; and, if I ever visit Bolton again, I shall not forget to call upon the old soldier.

Original Poetry.

SONGS OF THE MUSES.

No. I.

TERPSICHOE'S SONG.

ORN of the beautiful spring,
And cradled in music's retreat,
Where all that is lovely and holy hath birth,
Where all is as pleasant as sweet!
I am met in the loneliness of hills—
I am welcomed by goblin and fay—
The palace of mortals' fleet pleasure is mine,
I am loved in the halls of the gay.

Yet, though brilliant and gay is the hall,
Though splendid the palace may gleam;
Oh! dearer, far dearer to me is the hill,
Lighted up by the moon's silver beam:
Where the breeze is the music that plays,
Where come not the children of earth;
But soft as the perfume of spring, is the
breath
Of those who from heaven have birth.
Holloway. J. F.

TO ———.

By Captain M'Naghten.

DEAREST Fanny, when I shall be parted
from thee,
(And soon—oh! too soon—I shall be so)
Most dear to my memory thou always shalt
be,
But will *thy* thoughts e'er dwell upon
me so?
When thou'lt leave me, in grief and affliction,
behind,
Will a dream of me sometimes steal over
thy mind?
Will friendship a place in thy bosom still
find?
And wilt thou remember I loved thee?

Since trifles associate ideas with those

From whom we for ever are riven;

Oft, oft in the day will thy memory repose

On me—through the trifles I've given.

Thus, when thy small fingers shall take up
the pen

I gave thee, thou'lt not fail to think of me
then;

That o'er, something else will recal me
again,

And thou wilt remember I lov'd thee.

When an hour thou bestow'st on Moore,
Byron, or Scott,

Whom with me thou hast often read
o'er;

Or some other page, we both love, wilt thou
not

Wish to have me beside thee once more?

And if even another shall sit in my place,
With a mind more inform'd, and shall gaze
on thy face,

With a show of more fondness, and charm
with his grace,

Still wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

If at sunset's calm hour, or the calmer of
night,

When the sweet moon shall cloudlessly
shine,

Thou shalt stroll by some other one's side
with delight,

Wilt thou think how thou once stroll'd by
mine?

And if gently he tell what affection he feels,
And love, by the mask of warm friendship,
conceals,

And if in that hour to thy heart he appeals,
Then wilt thou remember I lov'd thee?

And when thou art lonely—it may be in
grief—

And hast no one to whom thou art dear,
To heal thy torn bosom, and bring thee
relief;

Will thy heart softly wish *I* were near?
But if to some other, more lov'd thou
shouldst tell

The sorrow which I could have once sooth'd
so well,

When with *him* on thy woes thou shalt
artlessly dwell,

Still wilt thou remember *I* lov'd thee?

When the prayer shall be heard, which so
oft I have pray'd,

(The prayer of the hopeless) to die;
If thou e'er see'st the spot where at peace I
am laid,

Will my fate draw *one* tear from thine eye?
Wilt thou then, while that tear shall thy
blooming cheek lave,

Believe in the love which sought rest in the
grave,

And the heart which from misery death only
could save,

And wilt thou then *feel* that I lov'd thee?

SUNSET.

By *Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq., Author of*
"*Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lakes,*"
"*Eldred of Erin,*" &c.

THAT golden sunset comes again
To weave its glories in my brain, •
And overflows my soul with light,
As Luna's silver tide the night,
Till all within, without, is bright!
Oh! who can paint 'mong mortal men
The godlike tints of Nature's pen?
Ah! who can sing so sweet a song
As to those solitudes belong?
The thrill of leaves, the hum of bees,
The distant thunder of the seas—
The lowing of the mountain herds—
Music without the pomp of words;
And ah! the melody of birds!
The red, the green, the gold, the blue,
Empearled with varying-tinted dew;
The curtained heaven that looks below,
With one pale planet on its brow,
Upon the emerald-fretted earth
So fresh, so green, so full of mirth,
It seems from God just sprung to birth!

Oh! I have stood upon the jag
Of isolated mountain crag,
And gazed upon the world below,
Clasped in the glory of the bow,
When light appeared in every cloud,
An embryo, till the gorgeous shroud

Burst on the mountain's peaks of spars,
And showed a harvest thick with stars!
Oh! I have stood on hill-top high,
Above the chequered dell,
When golden lightning from the sky
Around Aurora fell!
When all the busy world beneath
The forest-belted mountains hoary,
Each field and river, lake and heath,
Were deluged in a sea of glory!
And I have thought how strange a thing
That sin, and strife, and woe should spring
From that bright world to mortals given,
To blast their happiest hopes of heaven!

Behold the sun unveils his face!
Creation hath no blot;
There's not a gloom that I can trace
In earth nor heaven—no spot
But what is beautiful and bright,
Laughing into the purple air
Its liquid beams of ruby light,
As though the God of heaven were there.

Ah! when the music of the spheres
Falls sweetly on our ravished ears,
And glory blends with every sound,
And God appears in all around,
And heaven seems opened to our view,
And earth is gemmed with light and dew,
Nor limner's pencil—poet's pen,
Nor all the tongues nor harps of men,
Can paint the rapture of the heart,
That, glowing, forms a panting part
Of wide creation, when the roll
Of glory falls upon the soul;
In bliss so sweet—in thoughts so deep—
I gaze in silence on, and weep!

BUTS!

IN ANSWER TO THE HON. MRS. NORTON'S
IFS.*

By *H. C. Deakin, Esq., Author of "Portraits
of the Dead," "The Deliverance of Swit-
zerland,"* &c.

But could the wild winds whisper what they
hear

When the red sunset cooled the closing day,
Methinks they'd only buz within my ear,
And like true flirts, fair lady, fly away—
But could the babbling streamlets e'en
disclose

The burning words young ardent hearts have
spoken,

Methinks they'd tell what every body knows,
That lady's love's as easy said as broken—

* Vide "The Undying One, Minor Poems,
&c."

But could the stars, so like young ladies
 smiling,
 Speak from their throned brightness, they'd
 condemn,
 And tell us words were brilliant and beguiling,
 Yet lovely as the lips which moulded them !
But could the ocean, o'er the gold sands
 heaving
 Her bright illumined waters, speak to men,
 She'd tell us ladies' words were aye deceiving,
 And yet so sweet they'd be deceived again—
But could the dews, those tears of evening
 tell us,
 How oft earth's lords have mingled the pale
 rill,
 Methinks they'd say that many honest
 fellows
 Have shed fool's tears, and very often will—
But could Miss Echo ! from her fairy palace,
 But syllable each light word to the air,
 The fair in truth might then rail at her
 malice,
 For telling to the world how false they
 were—
But could Dame Nature have a lady's tongue,
 And breathe all secrets she had heard, I vow
 She'd say, all billing, cooing, and soft song
 Were, as they'd ever been—*but* perhaps more
 foolish *now* !

—
 LINES,

OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO B——, IN THE
 SUMMER OF 182—.

•
 WHAT pleasure and rapture now thrill
 through my breast,
 On once more beholding the scenes I lo'e
 best ;
 The joy that I feel, brings a tear to my e'e,
 For there's nae place sae sweet as my ain
 hame to me.

To wander once more o'er the fair gowanie
 braes,
 Where oft I hae wander'd in fond early days ;
 Or up through the brakes and the wood-side
 along,
 To list wi' delight to the laverock's sweet
 sang ;—

To visit again, with fresh feelings of joy,
 The walks and the haunts that I lo'ed when
 a boy—
 Where ilk spot brings to mind some endearing
 fond scene,
 Where oft in my young days I've sae happy
 been !

Oh, words cannot tell the delight that I
 feel,
 Again viewing the sweet place that I lo'e sae
 weel—
 The place where my fancy was first taught
 to rove,
 To enjoy the fond raptures of first youthful
 love.

Hard, hard, was the fate that compelled me
 to roam,
 To leave the delights of my sweet native
 home ;
 And yet harder still—oh it makes my heart
 grieve,
 That ere long again I your fair haunts must
 leave.

Wherever I wander I'll bear thee in mind,
 And fondly recal those dear scenes left
 behind ;
 For 'tis hame, it is hame, it is hame I wad
 be,
 There is nae place sae sweet as my ain hame
 to me !

A. E. M.

—
 A LAY.

WAS it for this I yielded all,
 Honour and wealth and fame ?
 For this I sought a distant strand,
 And won a nobler name ?
 For this I braved the winter's cold,
 And scorned the parching sun ?
 Yielded *thy* faithful changeless love,
 Thou fair and gentle one !

Oh ! they may prate of woman's love—
 Her everlasting faith ;
 Of hearts that burn for aye the same,
 Affection e'en to death—
 Was woman ever known to choose
 A cottage for a throne ?
 To love when he she loved was false—
 To love and be alone ?

It is not so—their words are air,
 Their changeless faith but words ;
 As soon believe each varied strain
 Struck from the harp's full chords—
 I will away where *words* are not,
 But mighty *deeds* are done :
 My name again be heard in pride
 Where thrones are lost and won.

Holloway.

J. F.

Original Poetry.

THE PRIMAL HOUR OF LOVE.

MARY TO J—.

By H. C. Deakin, Esq., Author of "Portraits of the Dead," "The Deliverance of Switzerland," &c.

"Twas when the dew was on the blossom,
The wild flower floating on the Lea,
The spirit of my youthful bosom
First gave its trust and truth to thee ;—

First yielded all its maiden ardour,
Its timid fear and coy caressing,
Well knowing all thy love would guard her,
And bless her who thy heart was blessing.

Ah ! weak are words—there's no revealing
That sweet deep mystery of the heart,
That has a home in every feeling,
A voice beyond the reach of art.

It is not passion—'tis too holy,
For aught deduced from sinful earth—
'Tis of the pure, pale spirit wholly,
An essence of immortal birth.

'Tis Love ! first Love ! once felt, and never
In life again to be renewed :
Crush the sweet dream, 'tis crushed for ever,
Crushed to eternal solitude !

Affection may the heart-pulse waken,
Warm the chill spirit in its shrine,
Revive the lonely and forsaken—
But 'twould not be what now is mine !

I should not hear the voice celestial
Fall like a lute-note on my ear ;
The tones though sweet would be terrestrial,
To those which bless me when thou'rt near.

Then chide not if the voice of feeling
Speak to my heart with all its power ;
And Memory, all her hopes revealing,
Recall first Love's unfading hour !

When first I leant upon thy bosom,
To feel thy heart, whilst thou didst seek
To raise me like a tender blossom,
And call fresh blushes to my cheek—

The tear ! Oh yes ! the tear was creeping,
The timid tear was welling blest ;
But there was deep bliss in my weeping,
For I was weeping on thy breast !

O Love ! thou pure and placid spirit,
Thou festal sun-burst, hallowed power !
Let my fond bosom ay inherit
The memory of thy primal hour !

STANZAS

ON QUITTING ENGLAND FOR THE
CONTINENT.

By Henry Brandreth, Jun.

MINE own sweet home ! and is it so, that I
must part from thee,
A weary wanderer, far away in foreign
climes to be ;
A lonely exile, lorn and sad, without one
bosom friend
To cheer me, as o'er snow-capt Alps my
devious way I wend ?
Yet though a weary wanderer thus through
trackless paths of snow,
In search of Nature's glorious works, led on
by Hope, I go,
Still there is one sustaining thought,
where'er I chance to roam—
'Tis that I yet once more may tread thy
shores, mine own sweet home !

Fair land of glory ! once the land where
valour crouched the lance
In tilt or knightly tournament—I greet thee
well, gay France !
For thou hast ever valour hailed with revelry
and mirth,
Careless if Grief or Pleasure ruled the hour
that gave thee birth.
But other lands have proudly couched the
lance of chivalry,
And other lands have owned the power of
mirth and revelry ;
For I have seen the wine-cup blush, the
amber ale-cup foam,
As sang I thy chivalric deeds, mine own
sweet home.

Child of the sun, green Italy ! with flowers
of thousand dyes,
I've wandered through thy verdant vales lit
up by cloudless skies ;
I've sailed blue Como's crystal lake, and
gazed my soul away
O'er Rome's proud ruins, mighty once—still
mighty in decay—
For wheresoe'er her victor-bird waved his
unearthly wing,
All nations to it bowed the knee, submission's
offering.
But wealth did that the Goth could not,
and down fell mighty Rome—
Then heed the moral of my verse, mine own
sweet home !

They tell me thou art rich in song, queen of
the minstrel lyre!—
True, thou hast Petrarch's lute of love, and
Tasso's harp of fire;
Thine Alfieri's tragic muse, though stately
yet refined,
The palace of immortal thought, the treasury
of mind.
But neither harp, nor lute, nor lyre, is
Italy's alone—
Hast *thou*, fair empress of the sea, ne'er
claimed their magic tone?
Hast *thou* no treasury of mind, no proud,
resplendent dome,
No palace of immortal thought, mine own
sweet home?

If not, in vain hath Erin's bard pour'd forth
his sweetest song,
And gentle Spenser's fairy verse led fairy
forms along;
In vain hath "Nature's favourite child" the
world's applauses won,
Or mighty Milton's ocean-tide sublimely
still rolls on.
Then why to France accord the meed of
chivalry and mirth,
Or why to Italy of song and poesy the birth?
And though they boast of fairer scenes to
lure our steps to roam,
Have we not childhood's dearer ones, mine
own sweet home?

Yet—whether through the classic vales I
strayed of Italy,
Or, led by Pleasure's syren voice, I turned,
gay France! to thee;
Whether where Alpine solitudes with Alpine
snows combine,
Or where, 'mid wild and castled rocks, speeds
on the rapid Rhine—
Though I've been welcomed with a smile a
cynic had held dear,
Though when I wept, bright eyes were by
and pearled with Beauty's tear,
Still, somehow, neither o'er my soul so
fondly seemed to come.
As tear and smile of other days, mine own
sweet home!

Houghton Regis, Nov. 20, 1829.

ENIGMA.*

By Captain M'Naghten.

COMPOUND of fierce and wild—of good and
ill,
Drawn forth by man alike to save and kill,
Prompt in hot youth the fatal strife to
wage,
Heraldic glories grace my honour'd age.
Through me usurping traitors reach the
crown,
And heroes yield me gladly for renown.
Amidst the horrors of the battle-field,
When even Pity's female breast is steel'd,
Where thickest carnage strews the reeking
plain,
I fly alike the dying and the slain.
From me soft beauty turns her loathing
eye,
Though to her heart more dear than love
am I.
Ungrateful beauty!—'tis to me she owes
The loveliest charm of all in which she glows.
Me to obtain stern Hate unsheaths the sword,
And Judas sold me with his injured Lord.
By me high Heaven reveal'd Belshazzar's
doom,
And Murder parts me from his victim's
tomb.

* Generally speaking, Enigmas, Charades, Acrostics, Rebuses, &c., are of an age gone by; but we are induced to insert the above, not less from its poetic merit than from its ingenuity. Not wishing to deprive our readers of the felicity of puzzling their brains, and of *guessing*—nine times wrongly for once rightly—we shall withhold the solution till next month, when, by those who may think it worth looking for, it will be found amongst the acknowledgments to our Correspondents. In the interim, we must earnestly intreat and implore of all the ten thousand *poetical* and *ingenious* contributors to LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, that not one of them may be at the pains of sending us the result of his or her puzzles and guesses, in the form of a solution;—unless indeed he or she may conceive himself or herself capable of infusing at least twice as much poetical beauty, and twice as much ingenuity, into the said solution as the Enigma itself possesses.—ED.

even the anxious father far behind, flew, rather than walked, to the spot where he knew she would await him.

It was vain, it was too late; her form rested against the marble column, her hands were clasped, her head reposed near the vase of lilies—all, all were cold—her heart had broken. "*Valtene in pace, alma beata e bella!*" In regard to the melancholy illusion which caused her death, it may not be needless to remark, that amidst the mountains of Germany,

such appearances are not uncommon. An imaginary army, with all its appurtenances, has been seen (or rather believed to be seen) amidst the passes, and detached figures observed either in advance or in the rear of their shadowy companions. Natural philosophers have accounted for these mockeries, but the philosophy of the heart in one of Nature's simplest children is all we venture to relate, and to drop a tear over *the lily of the Tyrol*. FLORENCE.

Original Poetry.

VERSES,

By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq., Author of "*Vallery*," "*Eldred of Erin*," "*Essay on Creation*," &c.

DEDICATED TO THE FEMALE READERS
OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

IT is not the light of the laughing eye,
Nor the tint of the glowing skin,
That is fittest to bloom in the bowers of the
sky—

But the light of the spirit within!

Oh! give me the beauty that beams in the
soul;

The exquisite tints of the mind!
They—they have the power of the sweetest
control

O'er the hearts of the gentle and kind.

The soul in its earthly shrine, left unim-
proved,

Resembles a gem in the mine;
And it is not till once the dark soil is
removed,

That we see it transcendently shine.

Then boast not of beauty—a flower that
soon dies!

Nor the delicate tints of the skin;
For the loveliest blossom that blooms in the
skies

Is the beauty that's beaming within!

THE BRIDAL.

HASTE, hasten and deck the bride to-night
In her snowy robes of spotless white;
Go and bind her veil with the orange flow'r—
I've culled it but now in my favourite
bow'r;

To place in her bosom the lily fair—
Yet no—it would wither with envy there!

But why do you twine that cypress wreath,
Fit only to deck the brow of death?
And why bring you here that dark yew tree,
To shadow with grief our revelry?
This wreath is to deck the cold brow of the
dead,

For the soul of the bridegroom from earth
has fled,

And to-night he will lie in his narrow bed.

MARY C—.

SONGS OF THE MUSES.

No. II.

URANIA'S SONG.

I AM worshipped by the sage
Conning o'er the midnight page;
Mighty man and beardless youth
Listen to my holy truth;
Every deed that yet shall be,
Every act that man shall see,
Will I shew to those who look
In my high and hallowed book.

Nights of study, days of thought,
Are the price at which I'm bought;
Flaming cheek and hectic eye
Glaring wild and fitfully;
Thoughts which make the heart a tomb,
Holding all things deep in gloom;
Words, which but to speak would scare
The night-wolf from his crouching lair:

Friends whose names are loved to hear,
In their beauty shall appear;
Over all mind's sway I hold,
Undisputed, uncontrolled;
Then come ye when the night hath spread
Her sable banner o'er each head;
Come, and I will tell ye all,
That which each one shall befall.

Holloway.

J. F.

HOPE.

'Tis sweet amid the desert waste,
 When not one shady palm is near,
 To mark the camel's footsteps haste,
 And see the sparkling fount appear.
 Sweet is the joyous cry of land,
 When favouring gales the canvas fill;
 Sweet are the sounds of native strand,
 But Hope's glad voice is sweeter still.

When the pale cheek of one most dear
 Excites the wistful anxious sigh,
 She says, returning health is near,
 To tinge it with a roseate dye.
 E'en midst the tears of parting friends,
 She smiles and talks of future meeting;
 Thus through the clouds the rainbow bends—
 Best pledge their gloom is only fleeting.

But most she triumphs o'er the tomb,
 To cheer that long—long night of sorrow;
 Till death, and all its transient gloom,
 Shall fade in an eternal morrow.
 That parting hour she'll not forsake,
 But kindly whisper—"we're forgiven!"
 That glorious hope our souls may wake,
 To find its certainty in Heaven.

FLORENCE.

TO A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

By Henry Bradfield, Author of "*The Athe-
 naid*," &c.

"Why are Nature's beauties felt!
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
 Why hath music power to melt!
 Oh! because it speaks like thee!
 All that's sweet by Love's decree,
 Hath been made resembling thee!"

MOORE.

THOU art so lovely in that trance of sleep,
 That I could deem e'en Dian's self lay
 there;
 As mute on thee mine eyes their vigils keep,
 Thy form so beauteous, and thyself so
 fair!
 More than of earth created, thou dost seem
 The vision of my heart in Love's most gentle
 dream!

E'en in her slumbers woman's form hath
 power,
 Though her sweet voice of music is not
 heard;
 Her charms pervade the heart, in that calm
 hour,
 Though the bright eye be closed, the lip
 unstirred;
 There is a something still which paves its
 way,
 To win, and to enchant, with its all-beauteous
 ray.

We gaze, and know not why; but still we
 gaze

In speechless admiration, till the soul
 O'erflows with its enjoyment! and displays
 A fond endurance in its spells' control.
 Lost in enamoured musings, it reveals,
 In look and sigh, the passion which it feels.

Thou sleepest! who when waking dost com-
 mand

The hearts of many in thy syren smile!
 Who would not gladly press thy gentle
 hand?

Or with thy form of loveliness beguile
 The soul from all its worldliness? and flee
 Life's troubled path, all, all save love and
 thee?

Ambition is man's idol! yet I feel

That, in thy love, he could renounce his
 faith

In its high vaunted praises! and dispel
 Its aspirations for thy gentler breath!
 I may not think on thee; but thou appearest
 Imaged in love, of earthly things the dearest!

To soothe us in our sorrows, thou wert born—
 To be our mind's enjoyment, thou wast
 given—

To heal the wounds by which our breasts
 are torn—

Thy spirit wandered from its native heaven!
 Elysian bliss was ours, when from above
 Thy gentle spirit came, the harbinger of
 Love!

SONG.

By Henry Brandreth, Jun., Esq.

SING me a song of the land of the north,
 Where in its beauty the heather comes
 forth;

Tell of the heroes of battle and fame,
 The axe of the Bruce, the claymore of the
 Græme:

Where the green birks on the banks of Loch
 Awe

Shade the blue bonnets so bonnie and braw,
 There would I wander, nor wander in vain—
 Sing me the song of the Highlands again!

By the white foam of the falls of the Clyde—
 Where the Ben Nevis frowns stern in his
 pride,

There would I wander; for where is the
 hearth

Dearer than that of the land of our birth?
 Sweet are the songs of the land of the south,
 Hallowed by music, from woman's sweet
 mouth,

But nor of Scotland the words nor the strain—
 Sing me the song of the Highlands again.

Temple, Aug. 27, 1830.

nious hatters. Surely the revolutions of the bonnets, during the same period, have not been more conspicuously indicative of caprice and folly, albeit I must confess they have not been destitute of either; and the odious enormous ones, of the last importation from deformity's ware-rooms, have incommoded us at public places, with a pertinacity that is any thing but pleasant either to sight or memory.

If we shift the scene from civilized society to those barbarous regions where natural feelings have their full development in either sex, it has ever been found that a love of finery sways men quite as much as women in places of this description. Chiefs have run almost mad for joy on receiving a feather or a looking-glass; if the women drag down the lobes of their ears with cumbrous ornaments, the men, no less bent on amorous conquest, run bones through their noses, and

tattoo their bodies into the bargain: a male savage and his squaw see with equal ecstasy their features reflected, and fairly rival each other in their extravagant fondness for beads and buttons. The accounts of travellers abound with these conclusive vanities; and leave no doubt, combined with what we see at home, that the equality of male and female vanity is at least as evident as the equality of charms and graces on which it evidently claims to be founded.

O.

I must needs add another paragraph. I write this in a public room; and there is a hideous fellow (five-and-fifty if he is a day) who has been these ten minutes admiring and playing tricks with himself before the mirror over the fire-place. Pshaw! I was sick before of the "wilderness of monkeys," and this old baboon will be the death of me.

Original Poetry.

SPAIN.

By Emma Roberts.

Land of the forest, land of the mountain,
Land of the river, the rill, and the fountain,
Where the cork, and the citron, and olive-
trees bloom;

Land where the vine wreathes its leaves
into bowers,

Where orange and lemon shed gold with
their flowers,

As the summer gale woos them to yield
their perfume.

Land, where, of old, the cross and the
crescent,

With hatred unquenched, and with fury
incessant,

Their bright banners advanc'd o'er the red
battle plain;

Where Araby poured forth its hordes like
a flood,

Where the bright mountain torrents ran
crimson with blood,

And the proud Moslem reigned o'er the
Christain domain.

Land, where the conquering Saracen made
Tower and palace arise from the glade,

Giving records sublime of the day of his
power;

Land where the temple and minaret
smiled,

'Mid gardens with purple and ruby buds
piled,

The haunt of dark beauties in youth's
freshest hour.

Land, where the Moor proudly rode o'er the
plain,

With pomp, and with cymbal, and drum in
his train,

To the tilt, where the knighthood of
Christendom flung

Their pennons on high, and each chief-
tain's advance

Was marked by the shock of the broad-
sword and lance,

While the lists far and wide with their
martial deeds rung.

Land, where, love's influence strongly dis-
played,

The youth of Castile and the dark Arab maid
Were oft linked in soft bonds only broken
by death;

Land, where the Moor, in captivity sweet,
Sighed his fond vows at some fair
Spaniard's feet,

As she bent o'er his forehead her rose-
scented breath.

Land, where the shallop spread forth its
broad sail,
And recklessly gave its career to the gale,
Secure of success—at the leader's command,
Who, o'er the deep waters, beyond the
wide skies,
Saw clustering islands and continents rise,
And the bold vessel steered with an unerring
hand.

Land, where the earth's richest mines have
unrolled
Their coveted treasures of silver and gold,
And half the new world as its vassals bowed
down;
Land where the pure priceless jewels that
shone
On Peru's dazzling sceptre, and Mexico's
throne,
Were wrested to gleam on thy proud
monarch's crown.

Land of the bull-fight, where hundreds
engage
The brute, in his fiercest and deadliest rage,
Till pierced by their weapons he sinks to
the ground;
Where beauty's eye dwells on the perilous
deed,
And woman can gaze while the combatants
bleed,
And her sweet voice be heard as the plaudits
resound.

Land of the convent, the shrine and the cell,
Where the deep choral hymn, and the soft
vesper bell,
On the light breezes borne, gently steal o'er
the ear;
Where the soul's pensive dream of some
votary pale,
Some fond heart that pines 'neath the
nun's flowing veil,
Is chased by the song of the gay muleteer.

Land, where the church and the altar,
profaned
By dark superstition and priestcraft, is
stained
By heretic blood to the ruthless flames
given;
Land of the dungeon, the rack, and the
chain,
Where man has appealed to his fellow in
vain,
And the shriek of the martyr ascended to
heaven.

Land of the dance and the gay masquerade,
The cloaked cavalier, and the wild serenade,

Where fond lovers sigh o'er their tender
guitars;
Land, where the fingers, that held in their
clasp
The maiden's white hand, the red dagger
would grasp,
And assassins steal forth, 'neath the light of
the stars,

Land, where the bandit infests each wild
scene,
And the wolf bays the moon from the
mountain ravine,
Where the goatherds have loftier souls than
their lords;
Where peasants, by glory's bright chroni-
cles fired,
By their country's renown, and its
thralldom inspired,
Its freedom have won at the points of their
swords.

*Hon. E. I. C. Ship, Sir David
Scott, at sea, April, 1828.*

A DIRGE FOR GENIUS.

PLACE, place him on his bier—
Here; where all things are wild and
desolate,
A type of him and of his lonely fate;
Here will we mourn him—here.

We will adorn his brow—
That glorious brow which was a mighty
tomb,
Holding all things of splendour in its
gloom—
With the prized laurel-bough.

Young child of pleasant song!
Thine is a fate to wish for, not to mourn;
Thy sun hath set in bright and glorious
dawn,
The sons of earth among.

The flickering midnight lamp,
Yon stars of heaven, and the voiceful light
That sheds its beauty o'er the mournful
night,
Have on thee left a stamp.

Thine eye of fervent fire
Spake of thy vigils, telling how, ere long,
The gems of thought that in it *then* could
throng,
Would soon mount higher.

* Is it necessary to mention, as an illustration, that with "the great and the mighty ones" of Egypt, were buried a great store of treasures?

Now quiet is that eye;
 Sunken thy cheek, and speechless is the
 tongue
 That once could pour its eloquence along
 With changeless fervency.

Pale one! thou hearest not:
 Gone are those high and bright imaginings
 Which flung a lustre o'er earth's grovelling
 things,
 And lighted each dark spot.

The look of changeless love,
 The voice of pleasant softness redolent,
 Music and beauty in its low tones blent,
 Have sought their sire—above.
Holloway.

J. F.

—

LINES TO MARY.

*By H. C. Deakin, Esq., Author of "Portraits
 of the Dead," "The Deliverance of Swit-
 zerland," &c.*

LOVED! lost and lovely! still so true,
 So star-like shining through the Heaven—
 My Heaven is shrouded from my view;
 Still is thy silent lustre given,
 Into my heart and through my brain,
 In joy, in agony again!

My own—my own Queen Rose! mine,
 mine

In fragrance and in beauty still;
 Passion and pride may fierce combine—
 I spurn them and their threatened ill;
 Them, the destroyers of all truth,
 And gentleness, and sinless youth.

O! lonely as a desert isle,
 Lashed by the foam-wreaths of the sea,
 Cheered by no sunbeam's blessed smile,
 Have I been—still am doomed to be;
 But, like a harp-note's broken start,
 Thy voice came rushing through my heart.

Thy voice! thy letter'd voice! it came,
 Severing the chains of hate round me,
 That my chill'd spirit like a flame
 Spread its white wings and sprang to thee;
 My mind leapt forward, lured along
 By thy sweet gentleness of song.

Thou lov'st—still lov'st!—O, bitter bliss
 To be beloved, yet loved in vain;
 To feel, to know all, all of this,
 Is more than madness—it is pain!
 An agonizing consciousness,
 That thou should'st be or more or less.

Less! Madness, then, then welcome thou!
 Obliviate the cherished past,
 Erase her image and our vow,
 And make my heart a doleful waste—
 Where life no thought exerts that gives
 One feeling that she loves or lives.

It must not be—a vision springs
 All radiant from my bosom's throne;
 Its wings—are they not Hope's bright
 wings?

Its voice—is it not Hope's true tone?
 O, yes! I hope, live, love, and rest
 My spirit on my Mary's breast.

The pure in heart aye sacrifice
 Home, kindred, friends—the sacred troth
 In God's sight is a dearer prize
 Than they, and we have plighted both—
 I give them all, all up for thee;
 O joy! didst thou the same for me!

There lies the pang—the pang that eats
 My heart like any coffin worm,
 Turning to bitterness my sweets,
 And all my sunshine into storm;
 The pang that fills with fire the blood,
 The canker that destroy's hope's bud.

It rests with thee—come bliss, come woe!
 It rests with thee, my Mary blest,
 Whether keen grief I'm still to know,
 Or sink like summer on thy breast;
 All sunshine, perfume, ecstasy,
 Lured from and taken back to thee.

It rests with thee! and when at eve
 Thou raisest thy meek lip to heaven,
 Think on the heart thou mak'st to grieve,
 Think on the pledge that thou hast given.
 Oh! whilst thy solemn prayer shall flow,
 One moment think of all my woe!

TO —.

LINES WRITTEN ON VIEWING AN ENGRAV-
 ING OF CARRACCI'S INFANT HERCULES.

SEE, as he grasps each monster by the throat,
 How undismayed his giant strength ex-
 pands;
 While writhing fold and gasping mouth
 denote
 The fierce compression of his infant hands.

So when the serpents are around *thy* bed,
 In shape of angry passions, hot and
 wild,
 Call upon *Him* who bruised the serpent's
 head,
 And thou shalt crush them like this *Giant-
 Child.*

S.